

THE NATION

OCTOBER 8, 1960 . . 25c

The Campaign Warms Up

NEW YORK: THE BIG PRIZE

James Desmond

IT'S UP TO KENNEDY

Robert G. Spivack

GORE VIDAL: the BEST MAN

Dan Wakefield

WHAT IS LABOR DOING?

Dick Bruner

The Charles C. Sherrod Library
EAST TENNESSEE STATE COLLEGE
JOHNSON CITY, TENNESSEE

LETTERS

Peace Can't Win

Dear Sirs: You say "Peace is the Issue," and you are sure it will draw response; but, as one of your contributors pointed out, there is precious little indication that the issue could elect anybody, even if firmly drawn. I suspect that the practical politicians are right: the majority may indeed want peace, but it must be wrapped in plenty of cold-war dressing to garner enough votes to win. Look now for the astute Nixon, who is the more practical of the two candidates, to give out like a peace candidate in the waning days of the campaign, assured that he has enough cold-and-hot warrior votes safely tucked away. Many people have forgotten that Eisenhower used much the same strategy. If Kennedy remains bent only on the search for cold and hot warriors, as appears likely, he will miss the cue and really get walloped. But the point is that if he were an outright peace candidate, he would get walloped just as surely.

T. A. TENOR

Beaver Falls, Pa.

'Murder One'

Dear Sirs: "Murder One" by Richard Harris [Sept. 17] is a 1960 blend of Kafka's *The Trial* and Camus' *The Stranger*. The alienation of both defendants, as portrayed by Noble's pathetic perambulations through life and Ella's uncertain, confused and masochistic pattern, created a gap, a lack of closeness and an inability to identify with them.

This Blue Ribbon jury became a party to a display of pyrotechnics, during which the police investigation appeared as shabby, the psychiatric testimony as confusing and Noble's behavior as hostility-provoking. It was at the end of a two-week exposure to this fare that the judge's lenient charge added to the air of uncertainty and reinforced upon the jury the onus of coming up with a solution. The jury did react the only way it knew how to the shoddiness, speciousness and superficiality which the principals at the trial showed. Faced with a farcical game, a make-believe almost to the point of its being a travesty of values, these true and tried twelve jurymen signified by their verdict that they would have no part of it.

They not merely found two people guilty of Murder One. They also rejected the spectacle to which they were forced spectators, they denied the alienation and lack of guilt shown by the

main actors; they vented their frustrations and denied their own ambivalent, insecure and non-sharing reaction by resorting to this narrow, condemnatory gesture which was actually felt by both sets of lawyers as well as the judge as including them.

Even Noble's poem at the end of the article still stresses the spectacle and denies the relatedness, the tragic dilemma about which no one had a meaningful word to say.

N. BLACKMAN, M.D.

St. Louis, Mo.

Dear Sirs: "Murder One" describes well much justice in actual practice: take a plea or take a jury; take a jury and take a chance. Masochism, expediency, ignorance—these are major ingredients in the Noble and Barber trial and in thousands of others. One solution: behavioral-science education across the land. When? Countless trials of expediency from now.

STUART PALMER
University of N.H.

Durham, N.H.

Kennedy's Edge

Dear Sirs: Granted that the process of king-making has become transparent to the merest babe, and granted that it exhales a strong whiff of the circus, are we really obliged to be as glum and detached as Kenneth Rexroth ["I'll Sit This One Out," *The Nation*, Sept. 24] would have us? (Seldom has glumness been recommended with so much verve.)

Can Mr. Rexroth cite any Republicans, with the possible exception of Rockefeller, who have so consistently embodied his notion of responsible liberal internationalism as Stevenson and Bowles? Are we really to believe that because Kennedy is supposedly favored by the supposedly belligerent minorities (Irish, Hungarians, Poles, etc.), his election would mean a greater risk of war? This is just absurd. . . . We are told that French big business is against the Algerian war, but what difference has that really made? Big business is too much a reflection of popular opinion and popular whim to have a political will of its own, except in the negative realm of standpatism.

Both parties are staging a rehearsal of the early New Deal; the difference being that the Democrats have more cause to recognize and go beyond the mere histrionics of it. Boredom with the familiarity of it all, if nothing else, will give them a momentum lacking to Mr. Nixon, who is entirely too pleased with himself in his new Boy Scout outfit. Kennedy may seem at this stage more

lost and groping than the pliable Nixon, but this is precisely because he is more aware of difference between himself and Roosevelt at the moment when he is obliged by the collective national memory to invoke the drama of the First Ninety Days.

The world has grown more academically self-conscious since the New Deal. Kennedy is best equipped to use this political academicism for what it is worth.

R. W. FLINT

Cambridge Mass.

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EDITORIALS

The Score at the U.N.

Mr. Khrushchev's proposal to supplant Secretary General Dag Hammarskjöld with a three-man executive board is not taken very seriously at the United Nations. No one outside of the Communist camp considers it a workable administrative setup and not even the neutrals, who would be equally represented with the Communist and Western blocs, have shown any enthusiasm for the idea. Mr. Wadsworth countered it astutely and, as expected, will probably be a considerable improvement over Mr. Lodge in presenting the American case. So Mr. Khrushchev lost the first round. He deserved to lose it.

But it is only the first, and the Soviet Premier is not a one-round fighter. Nor does he usually persist in his errors. It is possible, as some observers at the U.N. think, that the triumvirate idea was put forward — aside from a desire to flatter the increasingly powerful neutral bloc — mainly as a forcible protest against Mr. Hammarskjöld's conduct in the Congo, and as a warning that there must be some modification. And in this respect, despite the 70 to 0 vote in the Secretary General's favor, the Soviets can find considerable support among the uncommitted nations. Everyone is aware that the Belgians remain in control in Katanga, and if Lumumba was objectionable to many of his fellow-Africans, the fact remains that no one else has tried to run the Congo on a unified national basis, rather than as a federation of hostile tribes.

Everyone is also aware that the Russians have it in their power to make Hammarskjöld's position — or that of any other Secretary General — untenable. If the Soviets want his scalp, they can have it — if not now, then in 1962, when his term expires. And in the meantime they can quite effectively bring all his efforts to nought. So could the United States, if it cared to. It is in the nature of the U.N. setup (and it was so intended at the U.N.'s formation) that the Secretary

General must remain on livable terms with both the United States and the Soviet Union, and if he mortally offends either of these giants, he must go. Nor, if he is the proximate though innocent cause of a paralyzing stalemate, would a figure like Mr. Hammarskjöld care to stay.

But Mr. Khrushchev has still another string to his bow. The idea of an administrative triumvirate may be bad, but in another application it may be acceptable to both the great and small powers and it might work very well indeed. The disarmament negotiations within the U.N. have failed twice — the last time with equal representation of the Soviet and Western blocs on the commission. Under these conditions, the negotiations deserved to fail — no one really believes that disarmament and peace concern only these two groups of semi-belligerents. Suppose, now, that the commission were reconstituted to include equal representation of the Soviet bloc, the Western bloc and the neutrals? This is exactly what the Soviets, after the failure of Khrushchev's initial blast, have proposed: that the ten-nation disarmament committee be enlarged by the addition of India, Indonesia, Mexico, Ghana and the United Arab Republic. There may be some argument about which neutrals to include, but the basic idea is one which will prove extremely awkward to oppose outright. All the neutrals, not only those on the commission, would be flattered, and this is desirable from a Western standpoint — we have for too long looked down our noses at anyone who was not vehemently on our side. Second, a component of relative objectivity would be added to weigh against the partisanship of the opponents who, in the usual fashion of fanatics, have long been redoubling their efforts in behalf of aims which have lost their validity. Third, if Mr. Khrushchev still has any hopes for his idea of trifurcating the Secretariat, he could not afford to sabotage the work of a disarmament commission so constituted.

None of this may interest those who think only in

terms of ephemeral victory for their side, but there are U.N. members with other aims and motives, and Mr. Khrushchev may find it expedient to join them, since he cannot beat them.

Those Pesty Neutrals

"The trouble with the neutrals is that they're neutral against us," a State Department official is quoted as saying. One could put it in another way: the trouble with the State Department is that the only neutrals acceptable to it are those willing to unite with us in an anti-Communist crusade which, unhappily, becomes less attractive in nice proportion as ICBMs increase in range, accuracy and numbers. The idea that neutralism is *ipso facto* immoral persists in current State Department thinking but, where it formerly made little sense, now it makes none at all. The sums Mr. Eisenhower proposes to spend in Africa and Asia will be wasted if we regard them as advance payment for services to be rendered in the cold war.

It looks, moreover, as if we shall have to become tolerant of the political idiosyncrasies of those who, if they are not for us, are at least not against us. We shall have to tolerate varying doses of socialism (even of communism!), for the neutral bloc includes Yugoslavia, and many of the other neutrals are committed to socialism to some extent. If we are to bar all who have lost confidence in free markets and private investment, we shall find ourselves with few friends anywhere. Nor are the applicants for Western assistance at all humble in stating their needs and our obligations as they see them. The delegate from Lebanon, a country which was saved only a few years ago by the U. S. Marines, puts it rather forcefully: "The economic power of Western Europe and North America owes its superiority to the intense exploitation of the natural resources of Africa and Asia at prices and salaries far below the standard. And let us all remember that Afro-Asian peoples are suffering because of the mad expenditures devoted to the preparation for war—the brunt borne by these very people, supplying cheap raw materials or cheap labor. The wealth accumulated by the rulers through centuries imposes duties to provide technical and economic assistance . . . free from any political strings" (*Wall Street Journal*, September 26). It is indeed true that times change.

Nixon with Golden Gloves

Of course it was not Lincoln-Douglas in quality, but then only Civil War history buffs ever thought it would be. When candidates for the highest elective office in the Western world are asked to sum up their views on major domestic issues in precisely three minutes and twenty seconds, it should be apparent

that it is not their views, but the candidates themselves, who are on parade. Even so, the great Jack-Dick TV spectacular had its points. The questioning was several cuts above the distressingly low level of most TV interviewing; the staging, while a bit austere, was not offensive; and the debate itself was good entertainment, although it failed to produce any new policy stands or to sharpen issues — if issues there be.

As between the candidates, major responsibility for the failure of the debate to enlighten the electorate must be attributed to the Vice President. Throughout the evening, Mr. Nixon struggled to stay in Senator Kennedy's corner, while the Senator kept trying, in a well-mannered way, to drive his opponent back to his own side of the ring. Again and again the Vice President insisted — Senator Kennedy did not concur — that the two of them were in basic agreement on the goals of domestic policy; it was only over means that their views diverged. All evening the Vice President kept voicing the hopeful assurance that the Senator would vouch for his sincerity; the Senator preferred to talk about other matters. At times there was an element of low comedy in Mr. Nixon's performance. Like a prize fighter stalling for the bell, he kept trying to clinch his opponent the better to exchange gentle shoulder taps. Slight wonder that the bellicose *New York Daily News*, in high dudgeon, should have dismissed the debate as a "powderpuff performance" and called on both candidates to "do their damndest to cut each other's political hearts out" in the next exchange.

The sight of gore does not excite us as it does the *Daily News*, but we concede that the debate would have been livelier if Mr. Nixon had been less insistently amiable. And he would have done better. For the fact is that he caricatures his own style when he attempts to be mild and ingratiating. It is as though a brawler of the Jack Dempsey type, with scowl and snarl and knockout punch, were to attempt an imitation of Gene Tunney demonstrating the art of gentlemanly fisticuffs at a YMCA boxing tournament. At the next exchange, Mr. Nixon might just as well come out of his corner breathing fire and swinging wild; he is least offensive when he is most himself.

Taiwan's Syngman Rhee

The United States has scored another diplomatic triumph in the United Nations and every newspaper, every radio and TV station broadcast the glad tidings to the citizenry. The General Assembly's steering committee, by a vote of twelve in favor, seven opposed and one abstaining, recommended rejection of the Soviet Union's request for debate on the question of seating Red China in the U.N. This yearly event did not, however, set the citizens to dancing in the streets, perhaps because they are so used to it; among experts and busi-

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nessmen, also, it was received without enthusiasm. On the preceding day the Chinese Nationalist Government had indicted Lei Chen, the publisher of the anti-Government, anti-Communist *Free China* magazine, and three of his associates. Charged with sedition, they will be court-martialed. Lei is a mainland Chinese, the others are Formosans. It is no longer patriotic for Americans to remember it, but the fact is that Chiang Kai-shek shot his way into Taiwan, massacred some 40,000 of the natives, and continues to govern them by force and the resources lavished on his regime by the United States. In *The New York Times* of September 21, Robert A. Scalapino, professor of political science at the University of California and an expert on the Far East, expressed some gloomy forebodings about this situation. Lei's subversion, he pointed out, consists purely and simply in wishing to form an opposition party to the Kuomintang dictatorship and to secure a voice for the eight million Taiwanese who now have nothing to say about the government of the island. "Chiang," says Mr. Scalapino, "has many powerful friends in the United States who will defend him no matter what occurs. The same was true of Syngman Rhee. Those who dared to criticize the Rhee regime were savagely attacked here—until the Koreans themselves exposed its decadence and corruption. Must we wait for revolution in Taiwan? ... The time to prevent a Cuba in the Pacific is now."

Arthur K. Watson, president of IBM World Trade Corporation and son of the founder of IBM, also has his doubts about our present policy of complacent drift in Asia. At the Nineteenth Stanford Business Conference, he made what the San Francisco *Chronicle* called a "daring suggestion." He proposed that Red China be admitted to the United Nations on compliance with certain conditions, such as its withdrawal from Tibet and an agreement to stop subversion and infiltration in India and Southeast Asia—conditions which the Reds are not likely to accept. In five or ten years, the Taiwanese would vote on whether to join the mainland or remain independent. Mr. Watson found little comfort in the fact that the Soviet Union, as well as the United States, would be annihilated in a nuclear war, nor in "enslavement" by the Communists: the only course that makes sense to him is "getting along with our Communist enemies while at the same time preserving and perfecting our own system of government and the reality of freedom under law." He called for a "complete overhauling of our foreign policy in regard to Red China."

It is certainly strange that with so much good advice floating around, neither of the Presidential candidates can think of anything to say about Red China that was not said earlier, and oftener, by John Foster Dulles.

October 8, 1960

... Nor Iron Bars a Cage

There may be some advantage, politically speaking, to executing distinguished artists who hold obnoxious social views, but no profit at all can be derived from throwing them in jail. They instantly become embarrassments to their jailers. Thoreau spent one night in the hoosegow and his admirers have been chuckling about it ever since; Ezra Pound was an awkward anomaly in St. Elizabeth's Hospital during the long years we held him under "observation." He gleefully observed us and it was a relief when he was finally permitted to return to his beloved Italy.

The most eminent artist now behind bars is the muralist Siquieros, seized last August by the business-minded Mexican government during an outburst of leftist rioting. Siquieros is the head of Mexico's Communist Party; at the time of his arrest for "social dissolution" he was painting a mural for the government at Chapultepec Castle. He is seventy years old and his personal ability to charge the militia must therefore be limited; as a symbol for others to rip up the streets he serves at least as well in jail as out.

A few weeks ago a group of artists from four Latin American countries and the United States, in Mexico City for an inter-American exhibit, petitioned the authorities for permission to visit Siquieros; they were refused. It is obviously unwise to allow a prisoner to hold newsworthy levees (that was the ludicrous mistake we made with Pound); at the same time it looks very much like persecution when a renowned old painter is deprived of the pleasure of embracing a small group of international admirers. No country can look self-confident or dignified when it locks up one of its eminent creative spirits; the act will always be interpreted as Philistine, if not panicky. So, if Mexico does not intend to shoot Siquieros (and we don't for a moment suppose it has any such intention), it had better let him free. He will probably yell from his mural scaffold, but he is yelling now—however silently—in jail.

Business Loyalty

Business Week (September 24) reports considerable perturbation among business executives in the matter of that sterling ethical trait called loyalty. The brand of loyalty in question is not to country—so far, in the upper echelons, only Cyrus Eaton's conviviality with the Soviet devils has aroused concern, and since Mr. Eaton is a formidable polemicist, and on top of that has more money than most of his fellow-magnates, none has ventured to call him publicly to account. The matter is rather *en famille*: in question is the loyalty of executives to the corporations they are paid to be loyal to. Of course, each executive is as confident of his own eternal fidelity as of the chastity of his wife,

but he is not always sure that other executives share his own high standards. The painful case of William C. Newberg, former president of the Chrysler Corporation, has added to the solicitude of the administrators, some of whom have called on their lawyers and spiritual advisers for counsel. Mr. Newberg, it will be recalled, had an interest in one of Chrysler's suppliers, and after some acrimonious sessions of the Chrysler board, settled the matter by resigning and turning back into the Chrysler treasury \$400,000 he had garnered—legitimately, he insists. Subsequently, a New York stockholder group, United Shareholders of America, with a membership of 800, sent a questionnaire about purchasing and conflict-of-interest to all of the approximately 1,500 companies listed on the New York and American stock exchanges. They had touched a raw nerve. Within three weeks they had more than 500 answers, most of them from presidents and board chairmen. These executives, to a man, assured United Shareholders that they had no conflict-of-interest problems in their companies, but a number of them added that

they were rechecking anyway, just to be on the safe side.

The survey disclosed, however, a wide variation in company policies. Some forbid any large interest in other companies which are customers of or suppliers to the company to which the executive owes allegiance; others allow interest in a supplier "acquired as part of a normal investment program," and many are reviewing their procedures and tightening up on their loyalty requirements. Some even were considering demanding a loyalty oath from their servants, both high and low. Apparently they were impressed by the splendid success of loyalty oaths in government. Many executives remained skeptical, however. As Lyle L. Shepard, president of Columbian Carbon Company, put it: "... Our cost controls and the loyalty of our employees are such that to ask for a detailed statement would create a morale situation that would be detrimental to our shareholders for a long time to come." There is, quite apparently, a difference between executives and school-teachers.

IT'S UP TO KENNEDY . . . by Robert G. Spivack

In "I'll Sit This One Out," by Kenneth Rexroth (issue of September 24) The NATION presented the views of an independent-minded voter who, like most of us, makes no pretense at being expert in political affairs. In contrast, the following article is by a journalist—equally independent-minded—whose chosen field is politics. Mr. Spivack is a political columnist and Washington correspondent for the New York Post.

WHO WOULD have thought that in 1960, after all these years of urging the public to "register and vote," Presidential politics would become a spectator sport? Yet the prospects are that a smaller percentage of voters may go to the polls this year than at any time since the twenties. For both the Democrats and the Republicans the biggest problem is how to get anyone out to work for the candidates. Next is the problem of raising money. Sitting on the sidelines has suddenly become the great national pastime.

It is possible that there could be a sudden spurt of interest in the cam-

paign, although the first joint television appearance of Dick and Jack probably did no more than to reaffirm previously held opinions. Kennedy was surprisingly aggressive and Nixon was more retiring than many observers expected; nevertheless, I suspect that many independent voters are still reserving judgment.

It has been said that we have two men splendidly qualified to run for Vice President who, instead, are seeking the Presidency. Except for the bobby-soxers who run after Kennedy and the die-hards on Wall Street who favor Nixon, neither candidate has managed to evoke the sort of enthusiasm that even Alf Landon brought out in 1936. Neither acts like a President, nor looks like a President, nor succeeds in convincing many voters that he is motivated by anything except intense personal ambition.

Any foreigner who concluded, however, after observing the current campaign, that the American public had lost interest in public affairs or had grown—to use that horrible word—"complacent," would be grossly misinterpreting public feeling.

Probably not since Hitler has the average American been more concerned about the course of world affairs. There are any number of indicators to bear this out, not the least of them the number of people who took time off to watch the first Nixon-Kennedy "debate." The most conservative estimates put this figure at well over 50,000,000. What we do not know is how many stayed for the whole program or went out to have a beer. We will get the answer to that question on Election Day.

Gallup and other poll-takers tell us that there are possibly as many as 6 or 7 per cent of voters who classify themselves as "undecided." But even the pollsters indicate this figure may be conservative because they list those who state a preference merely as "leaning to" Kennedy or Nixon. There is a possibility that many voters will switch at the last moment, as they did in 1948 during the last fifteen days of that campaign.

At both national headquarters there are shrewd observers who insist

that Gallup's figures are way off—that as many as 30 per cent of the electorate still have no firm choice. How many will finally choose sides and how many will “sit this one out” is anybody's guess. A handful of samplings from different sections of the country, taken somewhat haphazardly, shows that many voters are inclined to skip the “top of the ticket” but then go on to vote Democratic at the local level and for Congressional candidates.

WHY ARE so many voters in doubt? When it comes to Nixon, the answers are almost self-evident. Hardly anyone, not even the Barry Goldwater adherents, knows where he stands. One year he is a “white-collar McCarthy”; this year he wears a more or less liberal look.

With Kennedy it's different. He tells where he stands but is quite capable, without advance notice, of shifting his position. He does not look mercurial. Yet his record, even during this campaign, finds him responding to all sorts of conservative pressures. The illusion he gives is one of firmness. But there seems to be an underlying weakness both on issues and in his relations with people. Thus he knuckles under to the big-city bosses and to what he thinks is the sentiment of the South. Result: Lyndon B. Johnson is his running mate. Johnson has come to be known as the Old Guard on the New Frontier.

When it comes to pressure from liberals, which has also been intense, Kennedy's response is somewhat different. In rhetoric, he meets all liberal demands. In action, there is much left to be desired.

There are also those who feel that he is condescending. There was a notable lack of grace in the first post-convention relations with Adlai Stevenson and with Hubert Humphrey. The attitude among many Kennedyites was that since the two men had missed the boat, nothing was due them. One of the draft-Stevenson aides was given an assignment as “advance man” for Kennedy in Lubbock, Texas. Then it dawned on the Kennedyites that if the Democrats were to raise any money in New York, or iron out their

difficulties in California, Stevenson had better be pressed into service. Stevenson managed to raise \$160,000 in Manhattan alone. Humphrey, after forgiving a verbal assault from Bobby Kennedy, agreed to act as chairman of a Democratic civil-rights conference in New York.

Stevenson and Humphrey are being “good helpers,” as the Minnesota Senator puts it. But what many other liberals want to know is where these men will fit into a new Administration. The decision to put Johnson on the ticket has so shaken their faith they are raising unorthodox questions in the midst of a campaign. But they probably will not be reassured until Kennedy says in unmistakable language whether Stevenson will be his Secretary of State and whether Humphrey is his choice for Senate Democratic leader to succeed Johnson.

UNTIL the campaign actually comes to life—if it ever does—the threat to “stay at home” is the real phenomenon of this year's election contest. It is, of course, a form of protest and it could cut many ways. This is not the first time in which a sizable portion of the electorate has been so disappointed by the choices of the national conventions that it decided to occupy itself with other matters. What makes it unusual this year is that it is the most politically conscious sector of the electorate—the liberal voter—who is most outspoken in expressing his dismay with what has been foisted upon him.

Although the Kennedy supporters argue otherwise, this stay-at-home sentiment is not simply negative in its character. Nor is it mere brooding and sulking over the failure of Adlai Stevenson to be nominated in the first race in which he had a half-way decent chance to be elected. It goes deeper than that.

If I interpret the sentiment correctly, the liberal voter is giving notice to the professional Democratic politicians, especially in New York and California, that he is no longer to be taken for granted. Throughout the primaries the attitude among many of Kennedy's advisers was that the liberal would wind up in his camp because of the time-tested

argument that “he has no place else to go.” The argument still carries some weight; very few liberals will end up voting for Nixon.

But now that it seems evident that the stay-at-home threat could become quite serious, the Kennedyites seek to counter it further by saying that a no-vote is actually a vote “for” Nixon. This argument does not scare as many people as it might. Many still think there is no essential difference on foreign or domestic policy between the two men.

The burden of proof that there is a genuine difference rests with Kennedy. For the first time in many years, the articulate liberal is not bothering to explain away inconsistencies of the candidate he wants to support. Instead, he seems to be saying, “My vote is my most precious possession this year. You have to sell yourself to me if you want it.”

Nixon's problem is the same with many conservatives, but perhaps not quite as difficult to handle. He openly favors continuing the oil-depletion allowance; Kennedy informs the Scripps-Howard papers that he wants a “study” of the nation's resources requirements as determined by a materials policy. Sandwiched in this call for a study as a “first order of national business” is a word of reassurance to Texas oilmen. The depletion allowance should be considered first as a matter of resources policy and secondarily as a tax issue, Kennedy says. The purpose of the allowance is to provide a rate of exploration, development and production adequate to the nation's security. “The oil depletion allowance has served us well by this test,” according to Kennedy.

Will this reassure the Texas oilman? Does it reassure the liberal? Or are both inclined to entertain new doubts?

Kennedy has had three opportunities to persuade the liberal voter that he means business, wants his support and is able to do more than line up delegates to a national convention. The first test was the selection of a running-mate; the second, in fighting for meaningful civil-rights revisions in the bob-tail session of Congress—or explaining in clear language why he was postponing ac-

tion; the third, in demonstrating to the country that he could break up the conservative coalition of Dixiecrats and Republicans on health care for the aged or the minimum-wage revisions.

In the judgment of many liberals, he failed all three tests.

Yet even at this late date no one

wants to shut the door on the eager young man from Massachusetts. The threat to stay at home would disappear overnight if Kennedy demonstrated beyond any shadow of a doubt his devotion to the liberal position. But the time is growing short, and how Kennedy chooses to demonstrate the depths of his con-

victions is up to him. To many liberals, the test will be how he deals with the Stevenson "problem." To others it will be an unmistakable pledge to whittle down the power and authority of the GOP-Dixiecrat Congressional coalition. Still others may be less demanding. But there must be more than words this time.

GORE VIDAL: THE BEST MAN . . . by Dan Wakefield

Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

THE CITIZENS of New York's 29th Congressional District, which fans out from both banks of the Hudson River just south of Albany, are among the few voters in the country this season who are getting to hear a political campaign that differs much in style and content from a 4-H Club election at the local junior high. The incumbent Republican Congressman in this traditionally conservative stronghold is being challenged by Gore Vidal, who has put aside his writing for the past year to campaign as Democratic candidate for Congress. Mr. Vidal often tells his audiences that "The American failure today is that we're all bored to death," and he proceeds to do his best to remedy the situation.

The thirty-four-year-old Vidal has already proved himself an effective foe of creeping ennui with his eight novels, two Broadway plays, essays, movies and television scripts that have won him both financial and critical success. Norman Mailer once said, in appraising Vidal as a writer, that "... He often brings a brave and cultured wit to the pomades of the national suet," and the same could be said of him as a political candidate. But he is trying to stir up support with ideas as well as wit, and he has stumped the surrounding countryside calling for policies looked upon as darkest heresy here, ranging from federal aid to education to

the recognition of Communist China.

One morning last week Vidal had breakfast in his spacious home on the Hudson with movie stars Paul Newman and his wife Joan Woodward (they are staying as house guests and speaking for Vidal at local rallies), and prepared to set out for a day of campaigning. He glanced at a typed schedule that included six coffee hours and an evening speech at the Beth-El Temple in Poughkeepsie, tucked the schedule in the coat pocket of his dark blue business suit, put on his horn-rimmed glasses, and walked briskly out to his station wagon with the air and appearance of a studious young executive setting off for work at the Poughkeepsie IBM office.

DRIVING to the first of his coffee rendezvous, Vidal explained his irritation over charges that he wasn't a "serious candidate." Because he was a writer, Vidal said, his campaign had sometimes been misrepresented along the lines of "Noel Coward runs for Congress as a lark."

"But I have campaigned much more in these five counties [that compose the 29th District] than any candidate in fifty years," he said. "I started these coffee-hour discussions that no one had ever held in this district, I've given over 400 speeches, and I've stumped or shaken hands in all 600 townships in the district. I've been at this every day for a year now, and that's no 'lark.'"

Such an all-out effort is the only hope—if there is any hope at all—for a Democrat here, where incumbent Republican Congressman J.

Ernest Wharton won his fifth term in 1958 by almost a 2-1 majority. Wharton is a sixty-one-year-old lawyer whose principal mission in Washington has been to hold back the federal tide, and he has hardly had to set the Hudson aflame to retain the favor of his largely old-guard conservative district.

"A Democrat running here is like a Republican running in Mississippi," Vidal said. "You're not just running against a man, but a habit. And its worse now because every Presidential year 15,000 more Republicans come out to pledge their troth to William McKinley."

VIDAL'S hopes for changing the voting habits of the district are helped somewhat by the fact that the area itself is changing, with the farm population giving way to growing suburban development. The district's four cities—Poughkeepsie, Kingston, Beacon and Hudson—are Democratic, and the growth of outside industry has brought in many transplanted citizens who have further distilled the area's heavy Republicanism. Vidal said that IBM, which has branches in Kingston and Poughkeepsie, "brings in a lot of bright young people from all over the country, and they're the nucleus of my hard-working independent organization."

The hostess of Vidal's first coffee hour of the day was an IBM wife who had gathered a dozen neighbors in her living room to meet the candidate, and the candidate went around the room shaking each hand and pronouncing each name of the

DAN WAKEFIELD is the author of Revolt in the South, which will be published next month by Grove Press.

assembled ladies before sitting down to give them his views on public education. Vidal brings a confident, urbane style to these discussions, and delivers his quips and criticisms in the manner of a college professor sent to impress an alumni meeting rather than an entertainer at the Blue Angel. He explained with friendly persuasion that there was nothing to fear about federal aid to education, and indeed much danger if we didn't have it.

"We have one of the worst public education systems in the world," he said. "I'm not only in favor of federal aid to education, I'm in favor of the government setting minimum scholastic standards."

There was general silence among the ladies—most of whom were Republicans—and finally one asked rather timidly if Mr. Vidal didn't think his proposal would lead to "bureaucratism." The candidate didn't think it had to, and said: "The trouble is, 'planning' is a dirty word in this country. The American way is to do nothing until a crisis is on top of you—and then you have to spend more money and get worse results than if you'd planned in the first place."

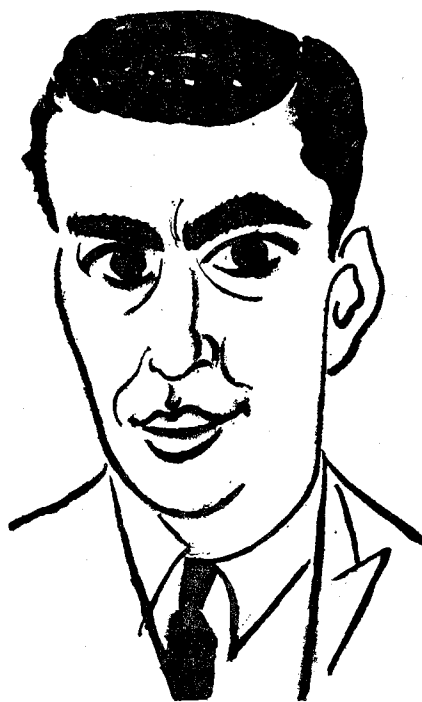
ADVANCING from the home front to foreign affairs, Vidal told the housewives that "The politicians and the press tell us that if anything goes wrong in the world it's the Communists' fault. But that isn't so. A lot of things are *our* fault. All over Latin America, we're in contact with the dictators, and never with the liberal democratic elements. There's a saying in Latin America that the American ambassador is the 'Minister without Portfolio in the Dictator's cabinet.' That's the way it was in Venezuela—we were on the side of the dictator.

"When Mr. Nixon was stoned it wasn't because of the Communists—though of course they exploited it—it was because of American foreign policy. It's so easy to blame things on the Communists that we lose sight of the whole picture. There's a small new country in Africa that wanted American aid, but we wouldn't give them any because they didn't have any Communists in the

country. So now they're going around trying to dig up some Communists to 'menace' their government so they can get American aid."

The brew was getting strong for an early morning coffee hour, and one lady ventured to ask if Mr. Vidal didn't get tired of saying what was wrong with America; wasn't there anything good?

Mr. Vidal said there certainly was, but that "We're in too tough a spot to sit around and contemplate our virtues. We forget, you see, that we're a minority form of government in the world, our religions are minority religions, and the white



Gore Vidal

race is a minority race with many enemies—many of them well-deserved."

The ladies were down to their coffee dregs now, and after assuring one housewife that a volume of Karl Marx on a family bookshelf was not necessarily an indication of communism, the candidate thanked them all and walked back out to his station wagon. Driving to his headquarters in downtown Poughkeepsie, Vidal said that "What you run into most in this campaign, though not as much here as in the rural areas, is terror—terror of the federal government, terror of ideas, terror of neighbors, terror of everything. But

at least as far as issues go, it's different now than it was two or three months ago. There was a *violent* reaction then to federal aid to education, and now the reaction is not so bad."

In the courthouse downtown, Vidal talked with Dutchess County Democratic chairman Joe Hawkins, who took the cigar from his mouth for a moment to call from the next room a red-sweatered Vassar girl who had volunteered to work on Vidal's campaign. She said she was a Republican, but it turned out she was also an English major, and literature had managed to triumph over partisan politics.

FOR VIDAL himself, the pursuit of politics has triumphed over literature, at least for the present. He is probably the only writer in America who can say that "I haven't written a line in the last year" with a certain tinge of pride. Before his campaign for Congress, his only political experience was writing speeches for candidates, an activity which usually defines the meaning of *engagé* for American intellectuals. There are, of course, many who, as Norman Mailer confessed in *Advertisements for Myself*, "... have been running for the Presidency these last ten years" in the privacy of their own minds, but Vidal is the only one to put his candidacy before the public.

"I've wanted to run for office all my life," Vidal said. "I was brought up in Washington by my grandfather, Senator Thomas Gore of Oklahoma, and he raised me to be a Senator."

Vidal began seriously to consider making the race for Congress about a year and a half ago, and was encouraged to try by a favorable public response to his appearances on a number of television programs. The mail to the networks "showed that I was getting across to the public, and that helped me decide," Vidal explained. "Like most writers, I had always thought that if people saw me they'd probably stone me."

In the light of his year's experience, Vidal said he felt that more writers ought to get into politics—not on the national level, advising and writing speeches—but out on

the stump, where they could "see how removed the writer is, and how unimportant he is to the public." Vidal said that in his hundreds of coffee-hour discussions, almost the only books that people expressed an interest in were *The Ugly American* and *Atlas Shrugged*. Later that afternoon, at a pre-dinner coffee hour, Vidal got his only "literary" question of the day:

"What do you think of Ayn Rand?" a young housewife asked.

"I don't like anything about her," Vidal said.

That wrapped up the literature issue, and the candidate moved on to more popular subjects.

After three more coffee hours and a brief time out for dinner, Vidal addressed the Sisterhood of the Poughkeepsie Beth-El Temple that

night and presented one of his favorite proposals: a plan for one out of every ten draftees to be taught a foreign language and sent for two years to work for the United States Government in a foreign country.

"This is not the Norman Rockwell America of 1890 with four generations sitting around the Thanksgiving table," Vidal told the several hundred ladies in the audience. "Whether we like it or not, we've got to get out in the world and compete with the Russians. We've got to know our enemy, and stop thinking that if we teach students how to speak Russian they'll turn into Communists. There just isn't time for that kind of childishness any more."

The ladies gave Vidal a nice ovation when he finished, and before the meeting ended he answered some

questions from the audience. Somebody asked: "Do you really think we ought to recognize Communist China?" "I think we should have done it ten years ago," Vidal said.

A lady in the front row who identified herself as a "follower of Bonnie Pruden" wondered if Vidal didn't think we ought to step up our physical education program. "Our children are getting soft and flabby," she said.

The candidate considered the question a moment, then answered, "I think with Metrecal, we'll probably do all right."

Unlike the novelist or playwright, the candidate must have an answer for everything. Even if Vidal doesn't win his seat in Congress, he ought to have enough material now to last him the rest of his life.

NEW YORK: THE BIG PRIZE . . . *James Desmond*

New York
AS THE election campaign enters the last five weeks, there are multiplying signs that the winner will be decided in New York State, with New York City providing the key to the outcome. The reason is obvious: For the first time since 1944, there is an emotional issue of substantial importance involved in the voting and the issues could roll up one of the old-fashioned Democratic pluralities that the Republicans would be unable to overcome north of the city line.

The issue, of course, is Catholicism. But it goes much deeper than that. Behind it lies the whole question of bigotry, with its tremendous implications for this city that has no majority group but only minorities—some of them strong enough to exercise an electoral veto, but none strong enough to win an election alone.

If these minority groups, particularly the Jews and the Catholics, the two largest blocs, react to the anti-

Catholic charges against Senator Kennedy—charges that the Senator himself brilliantly exploited in his address to the Texas ministers in Houston—the tide now seen running to the Democratic ticket could swell to produce a really good Democratic year. And in 1957, their last "really good" year, New York Democrats piled up a 921,000 plurality for Mayor Wagner on about half the vote that is expected to be cast next month.

Although Tammany leader Carmine De Sapio, who first detected the Kennedy-Johnson tide early in September, hasn't made a claim of any such proportions, the Kennedy people are claiming the state by around 700,000—an impossible figure without a New York City plurality of huge dimensions.

And that could happen. The New York City electorate has gone Democratic regularly in every Presidential election since the Warren Harding sweep of 1920, although it has demonstrated in recent years a surprising volatility. For example, in 1956, the year before Wagner's sweep, Eisenhower came within an eyelash of re-

peating the Harding feat, losing by only 78,000. In 1958, Rockefeller cut into the Democratic vote of '57 to limit Averell Harriman's city plurality to 310,000. But a switch back to the Democratic line, given this volatility, is clearly possible.

KENNEDY HAS a number of things going for him in the contest with Vice President Nixon aside from the emotional value of a campaign against bigotry. For one thing, for reasons never positively identified, Nixon has never aroused any public fervor in this city. The fact was publicly acknowledged by the Republicans in 1958 when Nixon was snubbed by Rockefeller in the election campaign. The Vice President was all but told to stay out of the state and not impair GOP chances.

Still another factor that may develop significantly before Nov. 8 is the economic unease which exists in the midst of a fairly general prosperity. Unemployment is not a serious problem, but the welfare outlays are increasing and short work weeks are hitting the industrial workers who traditionally look to the

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Democrats to bail them out when the going gets tough.

Working Republicans recognize these factors and are seriously worried. Despite the Madison Avenue optimism of special campaign headquarters set up to put on crash programs in the city, all Republicans seeking local office are running scared. This has been highlighted most dramatically in Manhattan's 17th Congressional District—"safe" country for the GOP by virtue of legislative gerrymander—which is now being treated as a battleground. The Republican incumbent, John V. Lindsay, a rising star in his party, is facing a strong challenge from William vanden Heuvel, the Democratic-Liberal nominee, who has the same kind of appeal that enabled Lindsay to win a primary and election in his first try for Congress. The situation is now recognized as critical enough to engage the campaigning talents of Governor Rockefeller on Lindsay's behalf and experienced politicians believe that the size of Kennedy's run may determine the outcome.

On lower political levels, the Republican locals face even greater problems. The Republicans are in direct danger of losing state senate seats in the Bronx, Staten Island and Brooklyn, with the added possibility that the only GOP state senator in Manhattan, in the 20th District, could go down if Lindsay loses. Furthermore, while all state assembly seats held by the Democrats are rated "safe," the Republicans are going to have to fight to hold theirs. And the odds are against their holding their present strength.

IN THESE circumstances, the Democrats are looking forward to carrying four of the city's five boroughs—Manhattan, the Bronx, Staten Island and Brooklyn—with only Queens, which has voted Republican in every Presidential election since 1936, in doubt. But because Queens, like the other boroughs, has its large Catholic and Jewish groups, the Democrats aren't ready to give up on it in 1960. They see all the factors that affect the other boroughs operating in Queens and they are counting, additionally, on resentment against Rockefeller's state income-

tax program, which seemed to stir up particularly bitter feeling in Queens, as another plus factor for Kennedy-Johnson.

Additionally, the Democrats, of course, have an incomparably more effective organization in the city than the Republicans. And while the split between De Sapio's "regulars" and the reform group around Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt and Herbert H. Lehman is still wide open, there has been no evidence that this local feud is going to be allowed to spread into the Presidential election. This is, of course, a matter of practical politics. At the same time, this working agreement has had the effect of strengthening morale and proved of great importance when the Catholic issue gave an emotional spark to the campaign and provided a rallying point for the two factions. For it must be remembered that the reform group's fight to the death for Adlai Stevenson until all hope was quenched at Los Angeles was one of the things that dropped Democratic hopes for the national ticket to a low in mid-August.

Another factor that deserves mention was De Sapio's own lukewarmness to Kennedy and his reluctant swing to the Senator's camp only when he saw that his colleagues were determined to go that way. This reluctance on De Sapio's part had led some people who don't know the man to fear that he might drag his heels in the election. That was never a possibility. De Sapio, for all his talk of reforming Tammany Hall from within, is a professional to his finger tips and he clearly recognizes that the meat and potatoes of politics come from the city and the state, with only the dessert from the Presidency. So he couldn't do any less than go all the way for the national ticket.

BECAUSE of the way the election shapes up, the Democrats are almost certain to improve their position in the state legislature and probably in Congress on a state-wide basis. Furthermore, the professional politicians aren't forgetting for a moment that, in terms of club-house politics, the Presidential election is only a curtain-raiser to the mayoralty cam-



Carmine De Sapio

paign next year. And they want to test out their machinery for that one because they remember, all too bitterly, the dreary drought of the twelve years of the La Guardia administration in City Hall.

But the city represents only about 40 per cent of the state vote on the basis of registration, and while a big plurality is in prospect, overcoming the Nixon-Lodge ticket would call for a Franklin D. Roosevelt or an Eisenhower if that was all that was going for Kennedy.

There is, however, another big factor that is too often overlooked: the suburbs. Since the population explosion began just after World War II, the four suburban counties around New York—Nassau and Suffolk on Long Island and Westchester and Rockland to the north—have doubled their voting power.

On the basis of the 1960 census, these four counties will turn in about 20 per cent of the vote this year in contrast to 10 per cent in 1944. But the large assumption by the Republicans that this vote of displaced Democrats, who have fallen into the habit of community pattern voting since moving to the suburbs, will stay in line appears about to be rudely upset.

Again the reason is emotional. The

October 8, 1960

population explosion didn't really get rolling until after the 1948 election—the suburbs represented just over 11 per cent of the state vote that year—and since then there hasn't been a Presidential election over which anybody could get really steamed up. Consequently the big suburban pluralities for Eisenhower, whatever the reason for his popularity, are not valid comparison points in 1960.

On the other hand, the new suburbanites have come largely from the Catholics and Jews—with new community centers and parochial schools opening all over the four-county area—and they have, as the city voters have, deep reasons to get excited about the Catholic issue.

Also, there has been a certain amount of erosion of the Republican vote on the local level, notably in Suffolk County, where GOP corruption led to a Democratic sweep in the last county election, and this has given the Democrats a nucleus

of job holders with personal reasons for improving their party's organization.

It is unlikely that these factors will bulk large enough to tip any of the four counties into the Democratic column. But fears for Republican Congressional seats in Suffolk and Nassau, particularly, indicate that the recent Republican pluralities will be cut sharply.

This, of course, will throw the Republican burden back on the fifty-three counties of the upstate area which represent 40 per cent of the state's total vote. To give Nixon a fighting chance, assuming the indicated partial neutralization of the suburban areas, these fifty-three counties will have to produce a plurality of 600,000 to 800,000. And the odds against that are tremendous.

The reason is that the large upstate industrial cities are heavily Catholic and increasingly Democratic. There are prospects that Erie County, now split 27-27 in its Board

of Supervisors, will go into the Democratic column because unemployment is a pressing burden in Buffalo and steel production is down to around 50 per cent of capacity, putting more thousands of workers on a short work week.

Rochester and Syracuse likewise are ripe to turn in strong Democratic pluralities and there is labor unrest in a number of other industrial areas.

The cards therefore seem stacked for New York City again leading the state into the Democratic column. And since New York casts more than 10 per cent of the national vote and, with the exception of 1948, has voted for the winner in every Presidential election going back to Harding, the pointer for the national outcome is apparent.

And in 1948, it should be remembered, Tom Dewey carried New York only because Henry Wallace siphoned off 500,000 Democratic votes. Nixon hasn't any Wallace going for him. In fact, he hasn't even a Dixiecrat.

WHAT IS LABOR DOING? .. by Dick Bruner

THE TEAMSTER official's talk was marbled with obscenities, profanities and allusions to radical intellectualism and jugular-vein politics, and frosted with a heavy layer of statistics. "When I get an election district captain lined up," he told me, "I sometimes tell him: 'Buddy-boy, if you march into a Democratic club house and tell 'em you control the votes of forty Teamsters and their wives, they'll give you some cushy job where you earn fifty bucks a week, but you're still trucking.'"

We were standing in front of a map of New York's Queens Borough in what had once been the conference room of the Executive Board of Teamsters Joint Council 16. The official had just finished explaining the council's DRIVE program (ini-

tials in labor's political programs have become status symbols; these stand for Democratic Republican Independent Voter Education). Basically, it consists of an elaborately methodical breakdown of the council's 165,000 members by residence and a survey of their voter registration (only 40 per cent of union members living in the city are registered; in the suburbs, the figure is 70 per cent).

DRIVE tries to get a Teamster to act as captain in each election district. It also sends out lists of Teamsters who are not registered to vote, and local union officers are supposed to hound them into registering. However, motivation is a problem. "I tell them, 'This ain't only for our members. This is for you, too.'"

In terms of political motivation, the Teamsters Union is still pretty low on the evolutionary scale. I left the Joint Council official to his pre-occupations and headed uptown to

a more complex environment, the antiseptic office building of the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union. Gus Tyler, director of the ILGWU political and education departments, welcomed me to his office and handed me a book on politics to which he had contributed a chapter on "The Labor Vote." I read the first sentence of his contribution. "Labor political action is — mostly and foremostly — the education of workers on *why* they should vote." Tyler explained that the ILGWU invests a lot of energy in leadership training. He was going to Chicago the next day to help give Midwest ILGWU "secondary leaders" a thorough three-day grounding in political issues, along with other information the international's officers think they should acquire. For the first time in ILGWU history, "This year we went into every factory and took a shop census." The member-by-member cen-

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sus of voter registration was followed by postcards urging non-registered ILGWU members to register, speeches by international officers in every factory, and some pressure on shop stewards to get their constituents registered.

THE ILGWU and the New York Teamsters Joint Council are doing what the rest of the American labor movement *could* be doing. There is nothing sophisticated about the lowest-denominator attitude of the Teamster official with whom I talked. Yet his union provokes admiration with its no-nonsense approach ("It's apparent workers do not register and vote. Our goal is a Teamster election captain in every one of New York's 4,638 districts") and its candor ("If we realize our goal by 1968 we'll be doing well"). The Teamsters are in the habit of demonstrating that theirs is the most dynamic union in the American labor movement. Obviously, they are out to show they can match their organizing *elan* with political ability. With typical Teamster pragmatism, they are pointing their energies toward what they think is the heart of the matter.

On the other hand, the ILGWU prides itself on an old political tradition. Critics say sentimentality about tradition blinds its officers to practical realities; one observer estimated some New York ILGWU locals had less than 20 per cent of their members registered to vote. Apparently, however, the ILGWU is genuinely aroused this year. "Lan- drum-Griffin made a number of unions quite desperate," Tyler told me. I thought it was interesting that he never once mentioned the name of the Democratic Presidential candidate during our conversation, which lasted more than an hour.

By virtue of their distinctive traditions, neither the ILGWU nor the Teamsters is typical of American labor's mainstream. Therefore, their approaches to politics are not samples of the larger group. "I'll tell you what motivates AFL-CIO staff men in politics," a staff employee at the AFL-CIO Washington headquarters said to me, after shutting the door to his office. "They want

to be thoroughly integrated into their communities. That applies to the top brass as much as to the rank and file. These guys have big incomes and they want the status that goes with it. They want to join clubs and stuff like that. But it means they have to be respectable, and that means they have to have respectable political ideas."

With the exceptions of the ILGWU, the Teamsters and the



United Automobile Workers, most unions measure the effectiveness of their political programs by the numbers of full-time persons they employ for political activity. However, the political-program departments of most unions have become patronage pantries. Union leaders with political debts to pay off within their own constituencies find jobs which will take their rank-and-file creditors away from the boredom of the shops for the duration of a campaign. Most of the time, a big political staff simply means the multiplication of political ineptness rather than increased effectiveness. Political staff members burn up thousands of man-hours simulating earth-shattering decisions and significant work ("I'll buy you a drink and we can talk this whole thing over").

The unglamorous work of political campaigning hardly ever gets done. A survey taken among Park Avenue residents, none of whom paid less than \$250 per month for their apartments, showed more than 94 per cent registered to vote in 1958; in the same Congressional district, a survey of cold-water tenement residents indicated a 24 per cent registration.

In 1956, the AFL-CIO Committee on Political Education (COPE) director, James McDevitt, estimated that only 40 per cent of the country's union members were registered. There is no indication that unions have done anything to change this percentage significantly in the last four years. The problem is further complicated every year by the tendency of workers to live farther and farther away from their jobs, making it increasingly difficult for unions to get them to registration centers.

Money is hard to come by. In 1956, seventeen trade-union political groups spent a net of only \$941,271 on campaigns. This was less than \$1 out of every \$33 reported as spent. Although the figures are closely guarded, the best estimates are that COPE collects an average of \$1 annually from only 6 or 7 per cent of its 12 to 13 million members. One medium-sized union, with more than 100,000 members and 267 local unions in 1956, collected only \$11,204. Only fifty-four local unions made contributions of any kind. Rather than set unrealistic goals, COPE usually asks its affiliates for \$1 a year for every five members.

Cooperation among AFL-CIO affiliates is still an illusion. Early this year, for example, in Rochester, N. Y., a Bricklayers' Union leader resigned as president of the local AFL-CIO council. He and four other resigning officials accused former C.I.O. leaders of trying to run the council according to Democratic Party blueprints. (Before the merger, the A. F. of L. in Rochester, as in numerous other areas, was traditionally Republican in its alignment.)

OF COURSE, not all of labor's failures in politics can be converted into successes through increased efficiency. Union workers suffer the same malaise as the rest of us — an absence of inspiration. The concept of class struggle no longer has the power to move labor as it once did. Tyler, himself once a Socialist and still a sophisticated political theoretician, contends it is mathematically impossible for class parties to survive since the number of in-

dustrial workers throughout the country is diminishing.

Once a source of unremitting third-party agitation, the labor movement barely listens to such suggestions any more. The decision of the Canadian Labor Congress to help organize a new party with a farmers' group and members of the Cooperative Commonwealth Federation attracted hardly any attention in the American labor press. At its convention early in June, the United Packinghouse Workers of America adopted a resolution on "independent political action" which declared it is "increasingly evident" that labor can't get proper consideration from the existing parties, but stopped short of calling for a third party. Packinghouse president Ralph Helstein made it plain he opposes formation of a third party at this time. About the same time, President Max Greenberg of the Retail, Wholesale and Department Store Union said organized labor ought to form its own political party. In response, the Hatters' Union president, Alex Rose, invited him to serve on the policy committee of New York's Liberal Party. This summer, both Greenberg and Rose attended the Democratic National Convention.

THE ONLY other third-party suggestion came from the tiny Mechanics Educational Society of America. The union's newspaper, *Educator*, contended in its May issue: "The time is ripe for the creation of a third political party supported solely by organized labor to drive a wedge into the cohesion of the Democratic and Republican coalition, and to perform the necessary function of a separator between the two political parties." However, most labor leaders have never heard of MESA.

Instead of moving closer to an ideological base, American labor has become a kind of consumers' champion in legislative halls. The president of the Machinists' Union, Al Hayes, lists low-cost housing, slum clearance, public health, gas and electricity price regulation and higher benefits for injured workers as a basic political platform for labor. "In each of these areas of government policy," Hayes wrote in his union's

newspaper, "organized labor has been the champion of the public interest, seeking the greatest good for the greatest number."

Actually, Hayes must have chosen his issues with extreme care, because labor today presents many faces on issues of deep political significance. While it pays lip service to the civil-rights issue, it has largely failed to enforce anti-segregation policies in its own ranks; once forthrightly in favor of free trade, it moves closer to an outright protectionist position (the legislative conference of the Liberal Party's Trade Union Council this year appealed for "action on the problems faced by American labor because of competition created by the growing import of cheap foreign goods"); and, of course, there is the issue of America's relations with the Communist bloc.

PROBABLY no other issue has created such deep divisions in the American labor movement, even though it hardly ever gets debated. Early this year, Emil Mazey, secretary of the U.A.W., spoke of a pre-merger incident: "In February of 1955, during the Matsu and Quemoy disputes, I raised the subject matter at a closed meeting of the C.I.O. Executive Board, and expressed my deep concern for policies that I thought were improper on the part of our government that could lead to World War III. I did not ask the C.I.O. on this occasion to take a position, but urged them to re-evaluate our attitude towards the entire China crisis. I was shocked when a motion was made to expunge my remarks from the record and was even more shocked when a majority of the board members supported this action."

This year the AFL-CIO sponsored for its top brass a "conference on world affairs." At it, Walter Reuther, U.A.W. president, who has been occasionally voicing his concern for the state of the world to rallies of the Committee for a Sane Nuclear Policy, came close to challenging the myopic view of George Meany, president of the AFL-CIO, on the East-West conflict, but didn't quite do it. (The conference, by the way, automatically applauded a collection of

right-wing speakers who heaped abuse on those to whom "the answers of social and political stability . . . are to be found in economic improvement," and spoke disdainfully of "our naive desire to make cause with those [countries] who seek independence.") When one of the conference delegates suggested the AFL-CIO accept an invitation to exchange labor leaders' visits with the Soviet Union, George Meany replied, "Let them talk to representatives of our government if they want to talk. They're not going to talk to me." A dozen second-stringers accepted the invitation and went to Russia anyway.

DESPITE the divisions and despite the apathy generated by the absence of social idealism, COPE continues to make a brave show of activity. Early this year it held a series of political institutes around the country, attracting 6,500 labor staff members. COPE staffers used gimmicks like films produced by U.A.W.'s radio commentator, Guy Nunn, to stir up their juices. However, only the names — Forand, Landrum-Griffin, etc. — are different. Everything else is the same.

Will labor have much effect on the elections? The Teamsters — with their chip-on-the-shoulder confidence and their monumental hatred of the Democratic Presidential candidate (some Teamster officials plan to vote for Farrell Dobbs, the Socialist Workers Party candidate) — will display the kind of energy the AFL-CIO needs. They'll do a reasonably good job of getting out their members' votes for the first time in their history. So will the U.A.W. and the ILGWU, which are now paying more attention to the mechanics of politics and giving the subject top priority.

Nevertheless, in most of the rest of the AFL-CIO, the petty local squabbles, the ineptitude, the staffs' unwillingness to take on grubby, unglamorous, clerical chores, and the absence of inspiration will take their toll, as they have all through the 1950s. At the very top of its pyramid, American labor will contribute a lot of sound and fury to the election, but its full strength will not be felt.

LETTER FROM ENGLAND . . by Andrew Roth

Scarborough, Oct. 1

ON THE EVE of the annual conference of the Labour Party at this Yorkshire seacoast resort, tension is running as high as it did six years ago, when the leadership narrowly defeated the left-wing forces on the issue of German disarmament. This time the question is whether Hugh Gaitskell, representing the moderates, can cling to his leadership.

The prestige of the Gaitskellites received severe setbacks at the recent Trades Union Congress on two fronts: on a resolution rededicating the Labour Party to socialism, and on another resolution which put the party on record as opposing the West's present nuclear policy and favoring the admission of Red China to the U.N. Mr. Gaitskell opposed both resolutions, and the key to their approval was the growing influence of Frank Cousins, left-wing chief of the Transport Workers Union.

What is feared here at Scarborough is aggravation of the party division which the Trades Union Congress so dramatically demonstrated. If an outright split does occur, the blame would rest upon the narrow shoulders of Mr. Gaitskell.

The leader of the Labour Party is an intelligent, honorable, hard-working, upper-middle-class bureaucrat who would make a first-rate Treasury official, but who is too unbending to guide his party in the only direction it can be led successfully—just Left of Center.

The basic difficulties of the party, as the debates of the last year have made clear, is that there are within it two completely different conceptions of socialism and two divergent views of how to attain it. Mr. Gaitskell, instead of trying to bridge these differences, has committed himself wholly to one of the two schools of thought—the school of liberal social reform whose most articulate members, Anthony Crosland, Douglas Jay and Woodrow Wyatt, all middle-class intellectuals, are his most

intimate friends. All of them would feel at home ideologically in the A.D.A. wing of the Democratic Party in the United States. They are anti-Communist and pro-NATO; their definition of "socialism" is really a socially controlled, liberal capitalism.

The basic theory of the Gaitskellite is set forth in *The Future of Socialism*, by Mr. Gaitskell's protégé, Anthony Crosland, M.P. This book, basically an attack on the Marxist approach to socialism, insists that capitalism (defined as the industrial capitalism of 1850) is already dead, that economic control of industries is largely irrelevant in view of the dominant role of government. The logical deduction from this theory is that all you have to do to carry out all of the reforms you need is to get the support of a majority of British electors and then reform your society by legislation and civil servants' instructions, without nationalizing the great private industries.

It was this basic approach which led Messrs. Crosland and Jay to urge, after the shock of losing the October, 1959, election, that the name of the Labour Party be changed and that plans to nationalize further industries be dropped because they antagonized the needed marginal voter. It was when Mr. Gaitskell, stung by his failure to get into 10 Downing Street, appeared to be supporting these revisionists by attacking Clause Four of the party constitution, which calls for public ownership of the means of production and distribution, that he laid himself wide open to a series of defeats at the hands of the Left and the traditionalists.

IT IS ONE of the peculiarities of a large liberal-Left movement manned by volunteers and low-paid bureaucrats that, during a period of comparative affluence, when the fully-employed mass of Labour goes Right, the militants and the trades unions may well go Left. In a predominantly Conservative constituency like Hampstead (where Mr. Gaitskell and I both live), some 15,000 people vote Labour, but the party work is carried on by a few dozens of unpaid

volunteers who tend to be militant believers in social change. This helps to explain why, last June, his own ward voted that Mr. Gaitskell's resignation was "essential to the unity and progress of the party."

What is true of unpaid party volunteers is also true of unpaid shop stewards in factories or underpaid trades-union officials. There is a high proportion of Communists or militant Socialists among those who do these time-consuming, ill-paid jobs instead of seeking better-paid jobs; you have to have a serious belief in the importance of changing society to spend your evenings in dreary union halls instead of watching TV or drinking beer with the boys.

Therefore you have the curious situation that, while Mr. Gaitskell's moderate reforms may well have more support now among the mass of Labour partisans, who are more worried about keeping up their TV payments than about the basic failings of capitalism, he will be beaten here at Scarborough by the militants, for whom Cousins is the spokesman. Gaitskell will reproach the militants with scaring away voters. The militants will retort that they do not want Labour to win if it just means running capitalism more humanely for the industrialists and being tied to the Pentagon. Mr. Gaitskell and the pro-American, anti-Communist moderates feel it is all the more important to be tied to the Pentagon.

With such a conflict of views, a split is always possible unless a deft Center-Left figure like Harold Wilson, or a deft Center figure like James Callaghan replaces the clumsy and unbending Mr. Gaitskell in the Parliamentary Labour Party's election of a leader in November. But when Labour will be voted back into office depends on how long this comparatively affluent society and its full employment lasts. The moderates, who think capitalism has cured its ills, believe that prosperity will last thirty or more years; the militants, conditioned by the thirties, think a depression may well be just around the corner.

ANDREW ROTH is a veteran American observer of the British political scene.

October 8, 1960

BOOKS and the ARTS

Cuba: Revolution and Diplomacy

CUBA: Anatomy of a Revolution. By Leo Huberman and Paul M. Sweezy. Monthly Review Press. 176 pp. \$3.50.

James O'Connor

TOWARD the end of *Cuba: Anatomy of a Revolution* the authors make two wrong predictions and hedge on a third. The perplexing question of possible United States military intervention in Cuba is rightly put off; the prophets of our time are the Henry Luces, not working Marxists. The forecasts they do make have turned out badly; the sugar quota *was* cut and the oil monopolies *did* boycott Castro. I set this failure down to a curious self-betrayal. Somewhere, the authors lost faith in their own logic, although subsequent events may have restored it.

Nearly half the book is devoted to the background and the making of the military revolution against the Batista police-state. This is ordinary stuff at best; there are better Cuban histories and more dramatic narratives of Castro's rise to power. The heart of the study lies in a resourceful analysis of the nature of the *social* revolution which redeemed Cuba from half a century of chaos and exploitation; its spontaneous modes of operation, Castro's radical-nationalistic ideology, the government's program of economic reconstruction and development, together with its inspiring experiments in education and social welfare — and finally Cuba's danger to U.S. hegemony in the hemisphere. Cuba is, after all, socialism's first envoy to the New World.

Cuba's socialism is fundamental to any real understanding of her relations with the United States, and inspires the expected warning: The alliance of U.S. big business and the Latin American oligarchies, the authors caution, will stop at nothing to destroy Castro. They drive this point home with a painstaking and cogent discussion of the diplomatic and propaganda offensives we have waged to isolate Castro from the West.

Yet at this point the Marxian logic stalls. We dare not tamper with the

sugar quota, they assert, since it "would be instantly and overwhelmingly denounced throughout Latin America as a case of naked economic aggression." Nor will the oil cartel cut off supplies to Cuba, since the Soviet Union would immediately step into the vacuum. Sweezy and Huberman intimate that only the grossest stupidity on our part could prompt economic aggression along these lines. Sweet historical irony — the notion that we fall stupidly into diplomatic blunders is, of course, the current liberal view, at which Sweezy has aimed so many barbs in the past.

Had the authors carried their logic one more step, their conclusions might have been reversed. Slashing the quota and depriving Cuba of Western oil have indirectly augmented our diplomatic gains by driving Castro closer to the Soviets. It is clear now (admittedly, hindsight helps) that *we view economic sanctions and diplomatic warfare as complementary, not substitute, policies*. To label our policy-makers stupid is to miss the whole point. If we compel Cuba to turn to the East, the rest of Latin America will more likely look north. Anti-communism is still our most powerful diplomatic weapon, and the Castro-Khrushchev alliance has sharpened it to a fine edge. Its success in

the case of Cuba has been awe-inspiring. We have succeeded in creating hostilities between Cuba and her neighbors where few existed. We have saved ourselves from the charge that we oppose radical social change.

SWEEZY and Huberman's remarkable little book is the latest in a tradition beginning with Marx's own *Class Struggle in France*. It fails in what it sets out to do, but it is not a failure. A manifesto, a document, a personal commitment, a marvelous piece of propaganda, it does not successfully "combine the methods of scholarship and journalism." Too much conjecture and too ready a willingness to slight crucial facts prevent it from being either. These limitations are self-imposed by its uncompromising Marxism (only its predictions are timid). Here are a few instances:

The share of the Cuban middle classes in Castro's victory is consistently underestimated. Nearly all the revolutionaries I've spoken with agree that without the harassment of Batista by the Havana bourgeoisie, without their financial aid and willingness to face danger, the war could not have been won.

Related to this is the impression the authors leave that the urban working class took a significant part in the revolution. Explaining the tragedy of the general strike of May, 1959, they

Ennui and Regret

Here come a gaunt man astride a burro,
a woman behind tapping with a twig;
it seems fitting to roll the streets up
like carpets and to veil every monument.

We are sitting with heads bent low,
hands like pendulums between the knees;
our sentiments withdraw themselves like nuns,
and the mind dismisses its own charity.

Soon they will have passed, and be
again kindred of the indifferent hills,
but we'll keep being fevered with resentments
from the guilt that spiralled behind them.

And remember a mother who patiently faded,
a father sentenced to ills and sorrows,
freckled cousins frozen stiff to ambitions,
and no abiding scenes of achievements.

The tallying dreams keep riding burros
with tired parents tapping behind them,
and denying them only engenders a sly
and constantly covert intolerance.

DAVID CORNEL DEJONG

JAMES O'CONNOR, who is currently at work on an interpretation of the Cuban revolution, teaches economics at Barnard College.

say: "For a variety of reasons, some due to poor planning, others unavoidable, the general strike was a failure." In fact, the strike simply did not have the support of the majority of urban workers.

A final example: "... among honest revolutionaries there is ... no demand for conformity to a dogmatically defined and interpreted line or ideology." Who is an honest revolutionary? This question is begged. Here the authors confuse Castro's "line" (or lack of it) with that of some elements who support him. To take an instance, a number of pro-Castro students have been purged from Havana University's student governing body, not by the government, rather by the rabidly Fidelista F.E.U. Moreover, while I have no doubt that it will re-emerge, a free press has unquestionably been sacrificed to Castro's yearning for national unity.

ENOUGH carping. The economic analysis is first rate. Huberman and Sweezy effectively dispel the notion that social revolution is synonymous with crisis and starving peasants. They offer convincing evidence of the large increases in agricultural output and the rationalization of domestic industry. They explode the myth that a planned economy with direct control over the allocation of resources has problems of a "financial" nature.

The book describes with feeling and accuracy the individual revolutions in education, social welfare and agricultural

organization. For the first time, to my knowledge, the individualistic basis of the revolution (a family-oriented social philosophy manifested, for example, in individual home ownership, even on the cooperatives) is rightly stressed. Perhaps the most original contribution is a careful analysis of the transition from the January, 1959, liberal-democratic cabinet to the radical cabinet fully realized in March, 1960, with the resignation of the moderate Minister of Finance.

The authors are not blind to the problems Castro must eventually face. What will be the eventual relationship between the rich and the poor cooperatives? (A differential rent is suggested to make the distribution of income more equitable.) And what relationship is to prevail between the *cooperativistas* themselves and the rural day workers who remain outside the cooperatives? (The authors seem to me too optimistic when they assert that the latter will be absorbed by either the cooperatives or the industrial labor force "in a few years"; they fail to state that less than half of Cuba's agricultural workers are actually in cooperatives now.) A final question they refrain from asking: How can a central planning authority be structured so that it will retain the local flavor of the revolution?

Often uneven, with values sometimes masquerading as facts, this Marxist history of a unique revolution nevertheless contains a great deal of original and incisive analysis.

The Brain Market

THE CHILD BUYER. By John Hersey.
Alfred A. Knopf. 258 pp. \$4.

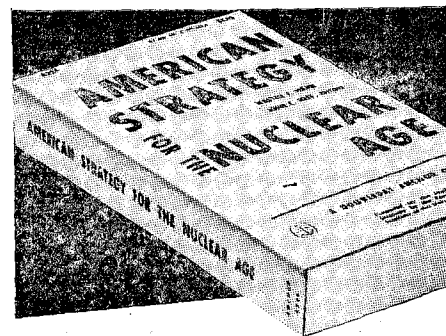
Robert Hatch

IT HAS been John Hersey's shortcoming that he is a most stylish technician. His books are always the most polished facsimiles of their particular forms — even his novels are brilliant imitations of novels — and the impression thus given is that the author has sensed this or that trend and cannily launched himself into it. Whereas, in fact, Mr. Hersey, the child of missionaries, is himself moved by the impulse to improve his readers. He writes to edify; yet a natural gift for mimicry, strengthened by training in the self-conscious school of news-magazine journalism, has given him an air of manipulating fashionable machinery.

In *The Child Buyer*, however, Mr. Hersey may have hit on the device that

turns his talents into virtues. He is embarked on satire, and there the gift for imitation serves him well. It can be objected that aspects of this lampoon are too broad to cut very sharply, but the author hopes to net an audience so large that it cannot be relied upon to catch quick winks. Satire need not necessarily use a rapier; a broadsword will do for gross cutting. More seriously, I think Mr. Hersey falters at times by letting his feelings show through his grin. He cannot tolerate that anyone should think him heartlessly sardonic, and therefore he occasionally reaches out a warm exurban hand. It makes you realize that he is not the man to chastise his generation with scorpions. Still, the whip he uses has a sting to it; I like the book the more, perhaps, because the backside he chooses to address seem to me apt for the attention.

The book contains a set of three



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October 8, 1960

satiric notions nested one within another. In over-all form (Hersey likes editorial devices of this sort), it is the verbatim minutes of hearings before the Senate Standing Committee on Education, Welfare and Public Morality of a state that is probably Connecticut. The members of this committee — Senators Mansfield, Skypack and Voyolko, and committee counsel Broadbent — are wicked cartoons of the legislator bent on investigation. Mansfield, the chairman, is a weak good man paralyzed by the desire to be mistaken for a statesman; Skypack is a bully wrapped in patriotism; Voyolko is a fool (a little too much a fool to serve Hersey's purpose), and Broadbent is a climber using the committee's shoulders as a

perch. They are all ignorant, puffed by office and indifferent to any welfare but their own. But they are genuinely inquisitive, like old gossips; as busybodies they are honest. Hersey gets the legislative lingo brilliantly: Broadbent describes one of the principal witnesses, Wissey Jones, as "a very unusual type of individual."

This Wissey Jones, who is quite simply the devil, is an agent for Hersey's second target, the United Lymphomiloid Company (a name intended to suggest the varied and arcane interests of the corporation it designates — like, for example, General Dynamics). Wissey Jones, a cocky devil wearing a pork pie hat and plus fours and riding a collapsible European motorcycle, has come

to the small manufacturing town of Pequot to buy a child. United Lymphomiloid is engaged, under government contract, on a fifty-year research project which is of course secret, but which probably has to do with the exploitation of space; it certainly requires computations of almost dreamlike complexity. The corporation's engineers have discovered that very bright children, suitably altered by psychiatry and surgery, can be made into more productive computers than even the largest electronic models. Therefore, Mr. Jones travels the country, seeking out and securing outstanding specimens.

YOU might think that buying children for conversion of this sort was a hopeless enterprise, but Jones has money, brains, the reverence for science, the threat of patriotism and the general confusion as to what constitutes a really fruitful life in our society, all working on his side. Barry Rudd, ten years of age and a resident of Pequot, really has no chance to escape him.

Barry is as rare and impressive a natural phenomenon as Niagara Falls, but to the adult population of Pequot he is a burr under the blanket. As Hersey describes Barry (and the portrait is convincing within the frame of fantasy), the boy is a rather unprepossessing physical specimen, fat, pasty, ill-coordinated and afflicted with a fishy stare. His mind is not only brilliant but charming, encyclopedic but questing, pedantic but witty. The educational systems of Pequot and of the state (Hersey has devoted a considerable part of his time in recent years to issues of public education) are well aware of what they have in the person of Barry — and they wonder why the lord so persecutes them. Barry's teachers, supervisors and technical observers, appearing as witnesses before the Mansfield committee, argue furiously the merits of enrichment vs. acceleration; experts offer opinions as to whether or not a brilliant child should be classified as abnormal, whether extra facilities should be provided for the gifted, who can use them best, or the retarded, who need them most. The morose evidence that piles up presents American education as an egalitarian process so benumbed by norms that it can cope with an aristocrat of the mind only by developing a jargon that masks its determination never to compromise equality for talent.

Thus, through his satiric transcripts of the committee hearings, Hersey spins his satires of big business as an end of life and education as a gang press for citizenship. As the devil knows, all of

Unveiling a Statue to a One-Time Poet

*According to Lactantius, neither Apollo's flute,
Hermes' lyre, nor the song of the dying swan
can compare with the Phoenix' song.*

In plaster effigy here stands the gawking
hero who grabbed the Phoenix with bare hands
(Skool, slante, to his glory growing dim!)

Clutched by its shanks, flapping, squawking,
it battered him with wings. Its beak
jabbed out his eyes. Anus bespattered him
with noisome mutings. To the surprise
of all our clique, he held it for an instant — thus! —
quite as unmarvelous in its disarray
as bald-necked turkey or a moulting owl —
before it broke his grip and soared away.

Through years, aging
sightless, savaged, numb—unmanned, said some,
by the ignominious, emerald-shimmering fowl,
we used to see him groping down the street,
slavering in bistros, cadging beers
boasting in varying versions of his feat,
claimed he had caged it, learned of it to sing
in modes too sublimated for mortal ears;
on one puke-sodden bender he even told
of roasting it: the breast, he said, was tender,
the drumstick acrid, tough,
the gizzard flecked with gold.

There came a night when we had had enough
and heaved him out. He landed on his head,
the night was cold, at closing time we found him dead.

So less in admiration than relief
and with no more remorse than is expected
of *Moira's* agents, no pretense of grief,
we passed the hat and had this form erected.

Dismissing bronze or marble, we chose plaster
as easier to work, less costly, crumbling faster.
For interest — since the fellow had no face
except the havoc that the Phoenix wrought,
lingam and yoni ornament the base:
they bulked so largely in his latter thought.

RAMON GUTHRIE

us are corruptible, and before the hearings are over everyone — parents, teachers, legislators, worthy citizens — is on the side of Wissey Jones. In a way, the means by which Jones makes converts is the most chilling side of Hersey's fantasy. United Lymphomiloid is not quite with us yet, and I.Q.s of 189 are not so common as to seem an intimate problem. But the prevalence of corruption breathes on your neck as

you read Hersey's relentless catalogue of temptations. He has managed, in this brisk, stylish performance of a book, to poke his finger into a good many of the overseeing eyes of our time — our masters and our guardians — and into the eyes of an uncountable host of private men and women who have begun to ask themselves the question that should never need to be asked: "How do I know I'm honest?"

Purity Through the Will

MEMORIES AND COMMENTARIES. By Igor Stravinsky and Robert Craft. Doubleday & Co. 167 pp. \$3.95.

Lincoln Kirstein

THIS little black book, like two others (*The Poetics of Music; Conversations with Igor Stravinsky*), resembles the neat leather kits that surgeons and diagnosticians sometimes carry: efficient; no nonsense; elegant. Surgeons are not necessarily kind men. Their benevolence is questionable, and when they save lives it is secondary. Certainly, if they are great surgeons, they love to cut. If Stravinsky gives pleasure by his music, it is to him a by-product — no more his aim than self-expression. His work over six decades has been the manipulation of given elements — style and temporal measure — through methods of analysis determined by his endowment. As Paul Valéry wrote him, in praise of his (not Gide's) part of *Persephone*: "The point is, to attain purity through the will." That is a classic or moral, rather than a romantic or selfish, attitude; it has driven, and is driving, many of Stravinsky's first-listeners to fury. The nineteenth century dies hard; he was born in it, but many of his successors seem to hold on to its main philosophical tenets harder than he. We have substituted new names for "inspiration" and "genius," concepts which Stravinsky goes to much pain to redefine in the light of past and present composers. There can be no doubt that, in many cases, his judgments will cause pain.

Apart from musical matters, which naturally predominate, these conversations are Socratic disquisitions on the nature of identity: the author's, his colleagues', his collaborators'. Who (really) am I? What am I; i.e., what is my method? Who are you? What have I done? What have you done?

LINCOLN KIRSTEIN is General Director of the New York City Ballet.

October 8, 1960

What are we *doing*? These are ferocious questions, sometimes too impolite to be asked. The answers, accordingly, must be fierce. Ultimate answers convey an authority from which there is slight appeal, for they are based on superior gifts and unique experience. All he wanted to do, Stravinsky says, was to tell everyone to go to hell. While this is no unique ambition, we gain an indication of an artist's quality and capacity by knowing whether he actually managed it, and how early in his career.

IDENTITY is illuminated in a variety of ways. Describing many famous figures of his epoch, whom he has known intimately, Stravinsky always distinguishes between official portraits, legendary accumulations of gossip and the individual with whom he came in contact. In the case of Nijinsky, for example, there is *The Great Dancer* (Romola's); Diaghilev's protégé; the performer with whom Stravinsky was allied almost daily for four years; the tragic *dramatic* actor (Stravinsky's addition); and a touching, vulnerable human being. Only in Nijinsky's own emasculated diary does he seem so alive. Similarly, Rimsky-Korsakov is Stravinsky's master; a Russian composer of a certain period; a talent placed in the general history of music and a dear friend. Not all such views are of the same value, and some apparently lesser categories take on heightened dimensions. Stravinsky's orientations, or triangulations, are based on such granitic points that the subject, whether attractive or not (and several are not), lives in these questions and answers — working, thinking, writing (letters to Stravinsky). His pages on Gide, Scriabin, Prokofiev and Auden, while lightly incised, are miniature monuments; of the same caliber as those by Corneille de Lyon or Nicholas Hilliard.

And, of course, the book is an autobiography, containing snapshots of all the Igor Stravinskys: the son of a fam-

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ily, the student, the author of *Sacre*, the composer of ballets, the Russian, the European, the American. He knows these Stravinskys better than anybody (except his wife and Robert Craft); he is entirely free of them all; they don't dazzle him, nor does he hate or love them. Examining all these Stravinskys without nostalgia or any proprietary sentiments (except when he has been done in by lack of copyrights), he deals with the work in blocks, and treats his person as the peer of composers who belong to the dominant line of musical development in whatever epoch. If you read carefully, there are quite a few shocks waiting for the *cher maître* type of ladies and gentlemen who are ever eager to tell us that Stravinsky first heard Wagner two years ago; that he despises Beethoven. (Which Beethoven? Ludwig's or Arturo's?) "Despise" is a

word not included in Stravinsky's vocabulary. He does not despise, or even derogate anyone he mentions — neither crowned heads, famous names, nor obscure performers, long forgotten, but here accurately and respectfully recalled. It is his respect that is so devastating. The people he mentions should not mind his *mots*, but what comfort can we offer those contemporaries who fail to elicit one word of interest? Their absence is deafening in his encyclopedic and orderly *aide-memoire*.

WHY are the clever critics so irritated by Stravinsky? Is it because he can't be laughed off, or that he makes poor journalism? That he can't, even now, be relegated to a respectable main-corps or rear-guard? Or is it because he tends to monopolize generalities, like Winston Churchill or Picasso? Has he just lived too long and done too much? He remains the platinum grasshopper, scooting ahead of the pack. It's hard to make a father figure of an insect, particularly when it has such a strong family resemblance to that charming cannibal, the praying mantis.

Reasons of talent and temperament aside, Stravinsky's piquancy stems from an electric analytical intelligence and the pleasure he takes in intellectual games. His work and method are accusations against the slothful and the academic. The critics jump on his later compositions because their shocking brevity (or compactness) betrays a preposterous avarice (of time, not money). But at the base of the attack is their fuzzy, self-complacent notion that he lacks "heart." Stravinsky is anti-enthusiastic, if faultlessly polite; or rather, his opinion shrinks its object, not by expressed sentiment, but by tone. One of the most crushing things one can hear, when someone brings to his attention a novel manifestation, tacitly believed to wipe out all preceding competitive innovation in the last century, is Stravinsky's smiling: *How Interesting!* People with warm hearts can be forgiven every lack, including mastery and a clear idea of their own gifts. But a cold eye need not preclude a warm heart. To many people, music means melody rather than measure. The analysis of time by manipulating accents and divisions of vibration comes second — and it requires a developed ear. When the ear is developed, however, the sensuous excitement of penetrating temporal dimensions and separating sonorities becomes more lasting than the hot full-orchestra bath or the deep tone-poem massage. Stravinsky is saved from purely Cartesian ratiocination by the pas-

sion of his amusements, perhaps by his love of theatre, or at least of performance. His remarks on Valéry's self-exhausting intellection throw his own enormously assertive productivity into a new light.

The tone of these conversations is racy, domestic and didactic, the intimate exchange of practitioners; it resembles the cloakroom post-mortems of chess masters or engineers. Still, laymen are not excluded; on the contrary, a courteous domesticity invites us to eavesdrop on equal standing. Robert Craft's subtle cross-examination has the bright sharpness of a clean corkscrew; he pulls the stopper from tight old bottles and decants a strong, tangy liquor. It seems smooth enough, but leaves an after-bouquet of tar and iodine. Auden's extensive libretto-chart of *The Rake's Progress*, and his accompanying letters, make an absorbing exploratory operation in the trickiest of Caesarean sections — the collaboration on an opera. One has but to compare Auden's ideas on metric, words and music with Gide's pretensions for *Persephone* to understand what is involved in such mature and serious fun.

Finally, this book asks only to be read. And it will be read, again and again. For, in an era when convenience is almost the sole criterion, and an accumulation of documents almost the only criticism of use, this is a working intelligence: ceaselessly productive, not mechanically or compulsively, but with virtuoso efficiency; a diamond-cutter's drill. How reassuring to think of Stravinsky at his nearly eighty years, having survived even his own reputation, still listening to old and new noises — of cities, machines, men and music. Still hearing first, for us.

Second Impressions

Review of Paperbacks

Robert M. Wallace

Language

Linguistics and Your Language (originally *Leave Your Language Alone*) by Robert A. Hall, Jr. (Anchor, \$1.45) undertakes the awkward job of arguing that its subject is a respectable science which should supersede current folklore. It could be over-simplified, crotchety and evangelical; and it is. Still it is an important and useful exposition of descriptive linguistics as it has developed since the twenties.

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After the First World War the public quickly accepted new approaches to semantics and communication. The work was substantial and varied and retains great value: *Public Opinion* by Walter Lippmann (Macmillan, \$2.25) in 1922, *The Meaning of Meaning* by C. K. Ogden and I. A. Richards (Harvest, \$2.25) in 1923, *Science and Sanity* by Alfred Korzybski in 1933, *The Tyranny of Words* by Stuart Chase (Harvest, \$1.95) in 1938, *Language and Ethics* by Charles L. Stevenson (Yale, \$1.75) in 1944 applied the principles of pragmatism and semantic precision to ethics in a broadly significant and influential study. The methods and objectives of science were acceptable to the public in these areas, but scientific structural linguistics, based most directly on Leonard Bloomfield's *Language* of 1933, is yet to be popularly received. Bloomfield's application of phonemic principles to the teaching of reading was a great success in one parochial school a quarter century ago, but it has been successfully disregarded, to our great cost. Much of Bloomfield reappears in Rudolph Flesch's roundly berated *Why Johnny Can't Read*. College and university language teachers generally have been about as slow as grade school teachers to change despite the success of the new knowledge and methods during and after the Second World War.

SOME opponents of structural linguistics mistake it for a revolution in language. A revolution in language study is the point. This one is beginning to get under way. The descriptive linguists still must popularize a new terminology, much of which is necessary to avoid distortions of facts. They must teach a new set of basic attitudes: language is speech, and writing is derivative and secondary. As a social construction, they hold, language is determined by usage, and since usage determines language, there is no good or bad in language. All languages and dialects are of equal though perhaps varied merit. Mr. Hall explores these premises and the rapidly increasing body of scholarship on which he bases suggestions expected to aid mutual understanding and ease many daily problems. His claims are exaggerated, it seems, but in principle they are sound.

Mr. Hall's interest is descriptive and his emphasis is on speech. Even in that context he sometimes overplays the doctrine of usage. He exhibits no substantial concern for the artistic manipulations of language, but literary scholars and critics can use scientific linguistic analysis and alert students of language

already feel obliged to do so. This is a good introduction to the science both groups will apply.

One caveat: *Linguistics and Your Language* is labeled Second Revised Edition. That is, *linguistic analyst* replaces *linguistician*, doubtless because of mortician and beautician, and "Don't Meddle Ignorantly" replaces "Leave Your Language Alone" in the text. M. Hall dislikes value judgments regarding language. That may apply to speech, but in regard to writing I venture that his changes in terminology show good taste but that the edition label violates correctness, usage of some publishers notwithstanding.

Letters

The A B C of Reading by Ezra Pound (New Directions, \$1.35). Brilliant aphoristic explanation and exhibit of image, melody and structure in poetry; sensitive and learned.

The Decipherment of Linear B by John Chadwick (Modern Library, 95c). An absorbing account of the apparently successful attack on pre-Homeric Minoan-Mycenaean inscriptions by cryptographic as well as conventional means.

The Rise of the Greek Epic by Gilbert Murray (Galaxy, \$1.75). Though superseded in some important respects, this humanely learned study remains an excellent introduction. Foreword by Moses Hadas.

The Iliad by Homer (Bantam Classics, 50c). Alston Hurd Chase and William G. Perry, Jr.'s forceful and sensitive prose translation of 1950.

Journey to the End of the Night by Louis-Ferdinand Céline, John H. P. Marks translator (New Directions, \$1.65). Intense, sensitive, violent autobiographical novel beginning in the First World War, to which *Death on the Installment Plan* is a sequel.

The Expedition of Humphry Clinker by Tobias Smollett (Signet Classics, 50c). His most amusing satire of eighteenth-century English manners and men, especially in Bath and London.

Lives

My Childhood by Maxim Gorky (Evergreen, \$1.75). The vivid beginning of his three-part autobiography in Schneider's colloquial translation.

The Life of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu by Robert Halsband (Galaxy, \$2.25). A lively and learned re-creation of the brilliant English letter writer who knew literary and courtly circles in Pope's England, popularized vaccination for smallpox and spent her last two decades in France and Italy. Useful addenda to hardback.

Adventures in Spain by Alexandre

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Dumas, Alma Elizabeth Murch, translator (Anchor, 95c). Letters of great verve and charm written during 1846 on a trip to the Infanta's wedding.

Miscellaneous

Sigmund Freud: His Exploration of the Mind of Man by Gregory Zilboorg (Evergreen, \$1.45). A noteworthy psychiatrist's exposition and defense of Freud's chief ideas with a glance at the growth of psychoanalysis.

The God of the Witches by Margaret Murray (Anchor, \$1.45). An anthropologist's argument, based on ancient worship and court testimony, that witches from medieval times through the seventeenth century were worshipers of the ancient horned god.

Small Town in Mass Society: Class, Power and Religion in a Rural Community by Arthur J. Vidich and Joseph Bensman (Anchor, \$1.45). "Springdale," in upstate New York, with about three

thousand people, vividly illustrates "rural surrender" to more urbanized neighbors and its results.

Rome by M. Rostovtzeff (Galaxy, \$2.25). The full text of the lavish and brilliant second volume of *A History of the Ancient World*, including twenty-three of the original ninety-six plates and a new bibliography by Elias J. Bickerman.

AT YOUR DRUGGIST'S: *Brave New World Revisited* by Aldous Huxley (Bantam, 50c). *Looking Backward* by Edward Bellamy (Signet Classics, 50c). *The Reprieve* by Jean-Paul Sartre (Bantam Classics, 75c). *The Bridge on the River Drina* by Ivo Andric (Signet, 75c). *Yama, the Pit* by Alexandre Kuprin (Pyramid, 50c). *Esther Waters* by George Moore (Premier, 50c). *Nostromo* by Joseph Conrad (Signet Classics, 75c). *The Quiet American* by Graham Greene (Bantam, 50c).

THEATRE

Harold Clurman

THE HOSTAGE (Cort) is an improvisation in beat time. Some may see in it a comedy in a semi-Brechtian manner: songs interrupt the dramatic action, actors address the audience and comment on the proceedings. It has already been called a vaudeville, a jig, a romp and a Rabelaisian prank. The audience which is not offended by its "bad taste" (a minority, I would judge) find it grand fun. I myself enjoyed it.

In its exuberance—its blarney—*The Hostage* smacks a little of certain characteristics we find in O'Casey—or in almost any raffishly bright Irishman. It is a product of that state of mind which makes for beatniks the world over. One might say that just as America speaks through plays like *The Connection* or *The Zoo Story*, England through Harold Pinter and John Osborne, France through Ionesco, Beckett and Genet, Ireland now jibes and jokes through Brendan Behan. That is why *The Hostage* strikes a responsive chord in London, Paris and New York.

What is at bottom of nearly all this work—of different artistic nature and merit—is a sense that society today (menaced by annihilation) has no firm values, that though we may despair we actually take very little seriously. Affirmatively the motto of this "school" might well be "Be kind to little animals."

You, I and our neighbors are the little animals—some friendly and pleasant, others mischievous and noisome. There is compassion—for all these writers are good fellows—but there is little belief in man: he stands for nothing. What he claims to stand for is mostly the bunk. Hep folk know it and find great satisfaction in saying or braying it.

This in itself is not without value. In a time of confusion, double talk, hypocrisy, thickheadedness, it may be useful to cry havoc—to laugh at ourselves, to curse, to give ourselves and the world at large the razzberry. The self-mockery does not hide the hurt and disarray. *The Hostage* in its oblique, cock-eyed, drunken eloquence—"Don't muck about, don't muck about, don't muck about with the moon"—is finally a social play in the dizzy mode of 1960. It is the peeling that is coming off the walls of our decaying fortress.

Behan is a talented writer—his *Quare Fellow* (not to mention *Borstal Boy*) in the realistic vein certainly gives evidence of this. But *The Hostage* is a special kind of work. It represents the collaboration of a playwright who furnished a thin thread of plot, some dialogue, a sense of milieu (locally Irish on the one hand and "universal" spirit of the times on the other) with an acting company whose determined and gifted leader Joan Littlewood believes that

"theatre should be crude, vulgar, simple, pathetic...but not genteel, not poetical"—in other words *popular*. Most of us are now spiritually dispossessed—out on the streets—so that we must be harangued from the gutter in the voice of a brashly shrewd hawker. This is not Behan's play alone, nor has Littlewood "directed" it in the ordinary sense; they have made it together. It is specifically a theatre creation.

Joan Littlewood's London Theatre Workshop troupe was born for this play, as the play was born for it. The actors make an important contribution: improvisation and the "realism" of the music hall and the hustings are successfully combined. This is true ensemble. Everyone is right: outstanding are Maxwell Shaw, Avis Bunnage, Glynn Edwards, Aubrey Morris, Patience Collier, Alfred Lynch.

YOU may spend a pleasant evening—as I did—in *The World of Carl Sandburg* (Henry Miller's) with Bette Davis, Leif Erickson, Clark Allen. There is not much acting, the reading is intelligently forthright rather than brilliant (Bette Davis expresses contempt best) but Sandburg's words are all there and they have character.

The character is not that of the industrialized Whitman of Sandburg's early days. It is the homely common sense and geniality or careful indignation of a decent midwesterner. His simple sophistication of diction embodies the old-fashioned virtues of the cracker-box sage whose sound homilies harm no one and yield a few benefits.

If you want to know what a nice American thinks and sounds like, listen to Sandburg. To the "ultras" of whatever sort Sandburg must seem a trifle corny—the "ultras" are always on the verge of joining the herd of the ultra-stupid—but to the rest of us there is some comfort in Sandburg's poise or placidity.

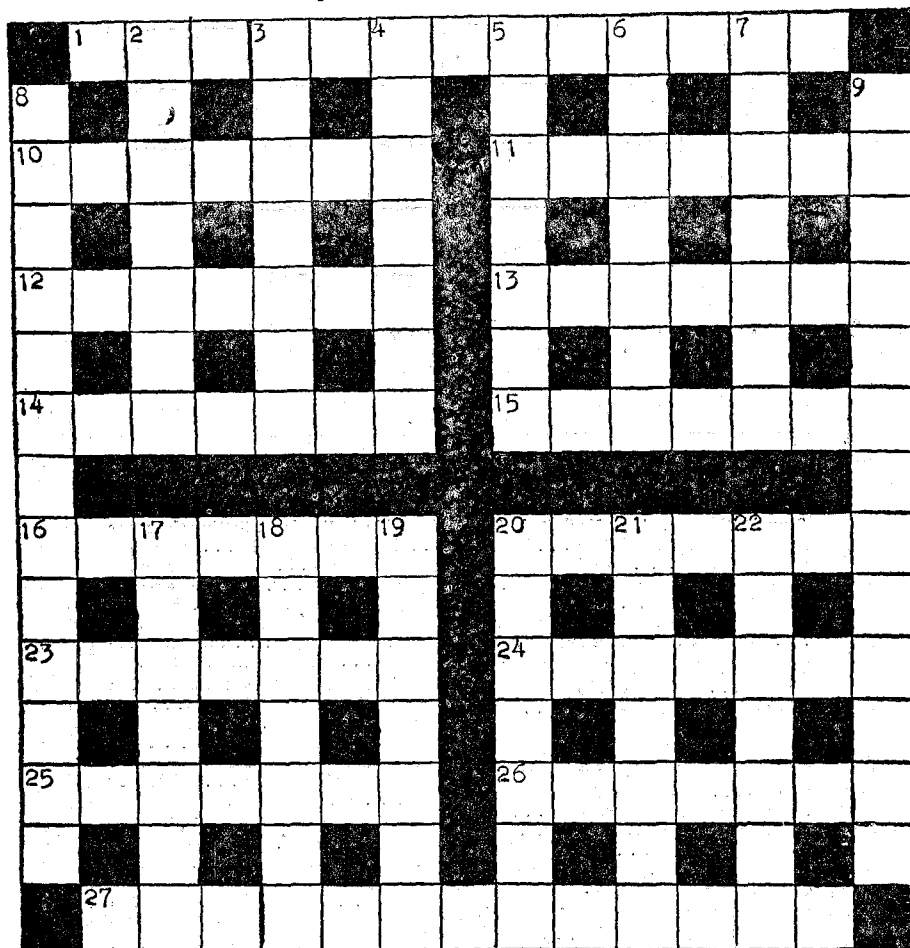
THE ROYAL BALLET company (formerly the Sadler's Wells) has brought its admirable group to the Metropolitan Opera House once more—shining bright. At this point I have seen only Ferdinand Hérold's *La Fille Mal Gardée* (1828), a full evening ballet of youthful gaiety and charm. Nadia Nerina, David Blair, Alexander Grant, Stanley Holden dance beautifully with a carefreeness which is modestly inspiring.

ALL THE new offerings this season provide protection from the Presidential campaign and the *hoo-ha* at the United Nations.

The NATION

Crossword Puzzle No. 884

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

- 1 It might make you dead set against the motion. (13)
- 10 Drink where the policeman might hang out. (7)
- 11 Wanted, perhaps. (2, 5)
- 12 Pelted, if the victim is found in winter. (7)
- 13 The sides aren't even part of the act around the American League.
- 14 Offers nurses things to carry the coal in, perhaps. (7)
- 15 The point of his death might be recognized by climbers. (7)
- 16 A self-proclaimed practical lesson might be unprincipled. (7)
- 20 Boiling egg, or the character of it? (7)
- 23 Call in question a downfall, by the sound of it. (7)
- 24 Hoops shouldn't be skirted in this. (7)
- 25 Without power in the varnish industry? (7)
- 26 You might find him past offering to show the application of color. (7)
- 27 Are mine in Milwaukee likely to be using romances poorly? (7-6)

DOWN:

- 2 A bad way to sign the division of the body! (7)
- 3 To aggravate what might be burned?
- 4 Wears a beard, as in disguise. (7)

- 5 Start in to make a pass with Venus? (7)
- 6 Even a well-known one might make a bad ante. (7)
- 7 A sailor becomes shot at, occasionally. (7)
- 8 Such things can be determined to be equally sure and talented. (13)
- 9 Stop talking when I separate them, getting worse. (13)
- 17 One might find it binding to make 1,000 or nothing, before 200 get nothing more. (7)
- 18 One of these in the sun on Broadway? (7)
- 19 Studs might be put in a long ways, giving it character. (7)
- 20 Duffers and cabbies might be found doing it. (7)
- 21 One of the cast seems to be giving out pure rot! (7)
- 22 Hurried to the field in Marmion, and snatch'd the spear. (7)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 883

ACROSS: 1 and 16 In one ear and out the other; 8 Concomitance; 10 Napoleonic; 11 Fits; 13 Icemen; 14 Unholier; 17 Tariff; 19 Nock; 20 Wheel chair; 22 Long division; 23 Reconnaissance.
DOWN: 1 Inconsistently; 2 Omnipresence; 3 Emollients; 4 Amigos; 5 Arabians; 6 Dock; 7 Cross-reference; 9 Vilification; 12 Monarchies; 15 Ben Hogan; 18 Gemini; 21 Polo.

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